La. Doest graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maiest be damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come,
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place else, if ye will heare me name it.
La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.
La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.
Glo. So will it Madame, till *I* lie with you,
La. *I* hope so.
Glo. *I* know so, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:
Is not the causer of the teem-lesse deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.
Glo. Your beautie was the cause of that effect,
Your beautie which did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So *I* might rest one houre in your sweet bosome.
La. If I thought that, *I* tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beautie from my cheekes.
Glo. These eies could neuer endure sweet beauties wrack,
You should not blemish them if *I* stood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Black night ouershade thy day, and death thy life,
Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. *I* would *I* were to be reuengde on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuengde on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuengd on him that slew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His

La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you better then he could.
La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.
La. Why what was hee?
Glo. The selfe same name, but one of better nature.
La. Where is hee?
Glo. Heere. *Shee spitteth at him.*
Why doest thou spit at mee?
La. Would it were mortall poyson for thy sake.
Glo. Neuer came poyson from so sweete a place.
La. Neuer hung poyson on a fowler toade,
Out of my sight, thou doest infect my eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes sweet Lady haue infected mine.
La. Would they were Basiliskes to strike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were that I might dye at once,
For now they kill mee with a liuing death.
Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt teares.
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops.
I neuer sued to friend nor enemie,
My tongue could neuer learne sweete soothing words:
But now thy beautie is proposde my fee:
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake.
Teach not thy lips such scorne, for they were made
For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe here *I* lend thee this sharpe pointed sword,
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosome,
And let the soule forth that adoreth thee:
I laie it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.
Nay, do not pawse, twas I that kild your husband,
But twas thy beautie that prouoked mee:
Nay now dispatch, twas I that kild king Henry,
But twas thy heauenly face that set me on: *Here she lets fall*
Take vp the sword againe, or take vp me. *the sword*
La Arise dissembler, though *I* wish thy death,
I wil not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will doe it.
La. I haue alreadie.

 Glo.